

Heart of Darkness

by ancientdragonduelist

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Summary: Hiccup and the gang were out on a flight with thier dragons, but were attacked and captured by a single, strange man. Now they have been separated, and thrown into deep pits for unknown purposes. New friends are made, but a forgotten enemy has emerged...

1. Chapter 1

****Hey guys, ancientdragonduelist again. I know youre all waiting for my other two stories, but thier "spark" is gone for right now. This one hit me after seeing How To Train Your Dragon, which I love. The story is focused around Astrid and another main character, but everyone will have thier point of view done serveral times. And im almost done with school, so by May i'll be pumping out stories again, if you still want them. Anyways, heres the new one. Heart of Darkness****

****A/N: Thoughts are in Italics.****

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><p>Captured

Astrid's breath left her all at once when she hit the unforgiving concrete floor. Even as she tried to pull a little air back into her burning lungs, she slowly rolled onto her back and stared at the tiny ray of light shining high above. A few tears were leaking out of her eyes, no matter how hard she fought them. The shock and pain she was experiencing was really starting to make its way through her system. She was hurt, alone, and terrified. Astrid had no idea what was happening to Hiccup, or Stormfly, or anyone else in their little family, and she was really scared for them. But she was even more scared for herself.

Then, suddenly, the light blacked out. The young Viking girl's heart pace doubled, and her eyes went wide. _Are they going to just abandon

me here and leave me to rot?_ Astrid was gasping for breath and about to panic when the light returned, bringing with it a snarling, roaring beast that had been dropped into the long, dark cell with her. The creature landed on its side hard, and a CRACK and a quick yelp of pain echoed around the chamber. But it got right back up on its feet and started climbing back up the rough, jagged walls, growling deep in its throat the entire time.

Astrid was absolutely petrified with fear. She knew she should do something, but she couldn't, her mind was too busy. _What is that thing? Why is it down here? Why can I only see its eyes and teeth? Are those teeth in its mouth, or broken spearheads? Do they want it to kill me? Am I supposed to fight it? Is it hungry?... _Suddenly, a huge rock broke loose from the wall the creature was climbing, and landed right next to Astrid, startling her, and a high, piercing scream shattered the silence. The beast noticed.

Two bright gold eyes split by chasms of pure darkness snapped to the young girl and glared at her, overflowing with hatred and malevolence. A deeper, more penetrating growl rose from its throat, and it gnashed its mouthful of dagger-like fangs together. Filthy, torn, and curved claws released their hold on the rock face 20 ft up from the ground, about a third of the way up the cell, and the beast jumped down, landed exactly one foot away from Astrid. It stared deep into her eyes like Garm, the hound of Helheim itself. Astrid couldn't do anything but slowly back away, her mind frozen, operating on only instinct. But she wasn't watching where she was going, and tripped backwards over the rock that the beast had torn out, landing in a far corner of the cell. Trapped.

The lone ray of light now illuminated the beast for Astrid. It wasn't Garm, or even a hound, but a huge wolf, covered in deep violet fur. The dark wolf terrified the poor girl more than the dragons ever did. At least with dragons, Astrid knew she could defend herself, and how to fight them. But this creature looked like fear itself, sent by Hel to torture her to insanity, then death. The horror of her situation then fully penetrated Astrid's mind, and she just curled up into a ball, hid her face, and cried. Deep inside, she begged Odin to save her, to keep her safe from the demon in front of her.

It seems Odin heard his daughter, for the dark wolf quit growling, and loosened slightly. Its teeth were still bared and it was still in a fighting stance, but the beast was now more curious than angry. Taking a risk, the beast put its nose up close to its prey and sniffed her. Astrid cringed and squirmed, feeling the wolfish demon so close, but it didn't touch her. It didn't hurt her. The beast had decided the tiny human girl wasn't a treat, or worth eating, but did smell nice; and with this creature, smelling something nice comes about twice in a lifetime. Its nose is so powerful that it can smell a mouse in a rainstorm. Much calmer, the dark purple wolf gazed at the light ray once more. It was now apparent there was no way out, the hole was lined with barbed wire so sharp it could cut off a limb with almost no pressure. Now rather bored, the beast scented the area (not on Astrid), curled up in the center of the cell, and went to sleep. It knew the girl couldn't hurt it.

Gradually, hearing and feeling nothing from the demon wolf, Astrid stopped shaking and peaked over her arm. The wolf was snoring in the middle of the cell, fast asleep. Astrid couldn't tell whether or not it was faking, but was feeling a little better since it wasn't

looking at her like Toothless looks at an Atlantic Cod anymore. A little curious herself, the girl uncurled herself and tried to stand up, but her legs were absolute jelly. This made sense considering everything that had happened in the last hour. Giving up on walking, she just crawled over to the middle of a wall where she could watch the beast in the light beam and stay down. Astrid had no intentions of being trapped in a corner again, but she was exhausted. Everyone had been attacked at the end of a long, tiring flight, which was probably a reason why a single person succeeded on bringing down every dragon on his own. But Astrid didn't want to think about that right now. She was out of adrenalin, and could barely stay on her hands and feet. And, finally, she lay down on her stomach, and started to fall asleep. Even if you are captured, alone, and stuck in a deep, dark hole with a sleeping demon, there are some things that just must happen. Odin still had one more gift for Astrid though. Before her eyes shut and her mind left her, she gave a little hiccup. Just enough to turn her nightmares into beautiful dreams of times spent with her boyfriend.

* * *

><p>The dark man at the top of the cell chuckled, rather amused at this turn of events. Instead of tearing each other apart, his prisoners had fallen asleep! No matter though, I have many more surprises for them in the morning, and this may actually turn out in my advantage. If those two bond like the Vikings did with the dragonsâ€|

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><p>The next chapter is already written, but I want to wait until chapter three is ready before I post it. That way the spark of creativity will stay longer. Next one will revisit Astrid and then visit the twins! Keep your faith in me! Bye.

2. Chapter 2

A/N: Kill me now, I accept it. Finally got this chapter up! Guess a certain Muse finally came back. ;) Ruffnut and Tuffnut are here, along with the one you've all been waiting for! Read on! (own nothing)

* * *

><p>Astrid woke to a deep, keening howl. Irritation flashed through her. Thor, I've got to remember to feed Stormfly more before bed, she thought. "Stormfly, go back to sleep, I'll feed you soon" she mumbled, completely unaware of her surroundings. But the keening noise just grew to a super-high screech. "Stormfly!" she almost yelled. "What has gotten intoâ€|?" Astrid froze. Her hand had just hit solid rock, and there was nothing like that in her room. Come to think of it, she couldn't feel any of her covers or her pillow.

Astrid's eyes flew open and she scrambled to her feet. She was in a dark room, with hard rock walls, and some strange thing making noise in the centerâ€| _Oh yeah, I'm in here._ She thought glumly. Her mind began to replay the events of yesterday, but she shut them out almost immediately. They were really too painful right now. Instead, Astrid

listened to the wolf.

The huge beast seemed to be howling; though it wasn't a howl Astrid or any other Viking had ever heard. Instead of a single long note, like most howls, it grew higher and lower, louder and softer, sharper and flatter. It was also beating the ground. With a strange consistence, each paw slammed against the ground, making deep pulses of sound. The sounds all sounded fluid though, intermeshing perfectly with one another. Astrid had never listened to the one or two musicians that hung around the village, and didn't recognize the beats as a song. She was a Viking warrior after all! Who has time for fiddling with a hollow log or stretched out sheep skin when there are dragons to kill! Still, Astrid liked the song the beast made; it was sad, but also soothing and beautiful. Like the voice of her long dead father.

Inside the beasts mind, an older teenager howled out the notes and slammed out the beats to _Journey's_ Don't Stop Believin'. It was a VERY crude reproduction, with most of the band and all of the words missing, but the core of the song could be heard. The teen wished his buds were here, even though the squad sounded like dying cats when they sang together. It was part of their bond, doing stupid stuff together, and not caring. Even after the incident that had "changed" them, they were the same, when not in battle. Hell, they could even assume their original forms after 24 hours without adrenaline flooding their systems. But in combat, everything changedâ€| it was a true miracle that ***** (the name will be revealed later :) had stopped himself from killing the young girl last night. Only when he wanted something totally, with every fiber in his being, could the teen overpower the wolf within him. But something had happened last night; he had seen the girl's pure terror, and felt pity and remorse. The memories of the last battle had started to pour into his mindâ€|

Suddenly the beast quit singing and whipped his head to the girl, growling with warning. She immediately fell back; fear overcoming her, but the teen now understood what she was trying to do. He gently put his head down next to the girl and whined piteously. She had been trying to get close and pet him in a soft spot or something. Apparently she thought he was still dangerous, but a potential friend. The teen liked the girl, and even the battle-hungry wolf seemed to like her. The teen hoped that she wouldn't be scared of him anymore; enemies can't help each other escape prison very well. Besides, she was kind of cute.

Astrid had been rather shocked when the huge wolf just laid his head down next to her, defenseless. It also seemed to be making the noise Stormfly made when she wanted to be petted. It reminded her of the dragons, when she and her friends had gone to the dragon pen and Hiccup had freed all the dragons. It was unreal, how fast those beasts, the ones they attacked, hated, and killed allowed them to ride them. She had been suspicious most of the flight there, only feeling safe because she was holding onto Hiccup, the now very cute dragon tamer. If anyone could control them, he could; and Astrid swears he gets a protective glow around him whenever he was with the dragonsâ€| and her. The girl immediately suspected a trap, but just as quickly dismissed it. If the wolf wanted to kill her, he would've done so long ago. Astrid was a skilled and proud warrior, but even she admitted that she stood no chance against a dragon without a weapon, and this thing looked to be just as dangerous, maybe worse!

So the girl aid her fears aside and patted the head of the wolf. He started panting happily, so she moved her hand to the chin, where a dragon would faint from pleasure. The wolf didn't faint, but his tail started wagging really fast, which Astrid took as a good sign. Wolf pups she watched while hunting usually wagged their tails while playing. Soon, Astrid began to smile, and got into something of a playful mood herself. She didn't her utmost to tickle the beast into submission, and he just rolled around, loving it. They played together for many minutes, then both got tired, and had to lie down.

Once Astrid had recovered from the little ordeal she and the wolf had had, she remembered exactly where she was. She was in a dark prison pit, cut off completely from the outside world, and that her friends were almost certainly in similar situations. IF they hadn't flow away or been killed. And maybe they had gotten huge wolves in their cells like hers, and maybe theirs had been hungrierâ€| Astrid couldn't control herself at the thought of her friends torn to bloody pieces, lying around in a waste pit while vultures casually ate their remains. She tried desperately to hold back the tears forming on hers eyes, even turned away from the wolf and shutting her eyes tightly. It was no use. The wolf saw her frame gently shaking and heard her muffled sobs. The wolf part of the beast was downright confused, but the teen mind understood. He had lost comrades before.

In no hurry, the wolf slowly got to his paws and walked over to Astrid. She still tried to hide her face, not wanting to show weakness, but the wolf seemed to see right through her. It just laid down right next to her, and curled up into a ball, trapped the girl within his warm embrace. Astrid struggled for a minute, instinctively hating not being able to move, but quickly calmed down. She had to admit it was very comfortable with four furry legs wrapped around her, if a bit hairy. So Astrid just wrapped her arms around one of the big legs and cuddled in, letting herself relax. It reminded her so much of Hiccups tight hug while they were sleeping under the moonâ€| the memory almost set her off again, but then she also remembered how he had tolerated their years of abuse with nonchalant dry humor. It tore her up to remember how mean she and the others had been to him, but it made him strong inside. So much that Hiccup could probably now survive interrogations better than his father Stoick. This reminded Astrid how weak he was in combat since he lost his legâ€|

The teen chuckled in his mind as he felt the girl quit fighting and curl up on one of his legs. She was undoubtedly going through the stage were she couldn't stop thinking about her fallen teammates, and he had provided her some decent privacy to do so. Mourning is so much harder when you think others are watching. Then the big wolf thought of his squad, and if THEY had survived. He almost went into the same state Astrid was in, but feeling her curled up on his leg reminded him that he was being strong for someone right now. He could worry about his friends later. So the teen just drifted off, leaving the wolf to wonder why there was a human pup attached to its leg.

* * *

><p>In another deep, dark prison cell, two young Viking warriors are watching two dark wolves, the same species as the beast in Astrid's cell. The wolves are watching them back.<p>

The dark man had fought his hardest to separate the Thorston twins, but to no avail. The twins are constantly annoyed by each other, and at times will attempt to murder their sibling, but no one else is allowed to. Trying to separate them was like trying to tear a demon in half, which could just meld right back into itself if you let go. Also, every time he torn one from the other, the unbound twin would viciously attack his unguarded areas. It was getting quite annoying. He couldn't kill the twins, not yet, not until he was finished interrogating them, and you always start with the leader when you torturâ€| uhh, question a group. At last, he lost his temper, and threw the blonde boy into his cell. Not a second later, his sister was diving in after him, without a thought to her safety. With a grunt of satisfaction and relief, he slammed the door shut, not even bothering to open the tiny window for light. He would make sure they paid for their immature behavior later. In the meantime, there was the matter of finding them cellmatesâ€|_

As Tuffnut plummeted through the depths, he held on to the image of his sister, desperation on her face as she tried to catch him. The darkness had stolen all vision from them, but he held on to this last image. It would be a nice last thought before he went to Niflheim (hell), or maybe even Valhalla (Heaven). Hey, a guy can dream, can't he?

As Ruffnut dove after her brother, all that she could think was he was going to pay for this. Honestly, getting himself thrown down a bottomless pit? After that, he deserves three to the face and one to the gut. Then she would hug him. Because Ruffnut couldn't imagine a world without her brother, driving her crazy at every turn. She would just be lost.

As it turns out, neither twin was seriously hurt by the landing. Tuffnut had landed square on his back, expecting earth-shattering pain any second. Instead, he slowed safely to a stopâ€|then started flying back into the air? Tuffnut had landed on a trampoline, and went flying straight into Ruffnut on the rebound, resulting in a very loud and surprising mid-air collision. The best way to describe them as they finally hit the floor was a tangled ball of limbs. One that was swearing it self out the whole time.

As the safety trampoline retracted into the wall, two Viking were trying to undo themselves. As Ruffnut pulled her arm out from her brother's leg, he was trying to work his head through her armpit. Needless to say, this was a rather unpleasant experience, and several blows were accidentally given out in the process. Later, when the two finally fell apart, they were too exhausted to fight. For the Thorston twins, this is almost unheard of. Their parents are willing to bet their last gold coin that the two will fight to the last breath on their deathbeds. The twins weren't just tired though. They were lost, confused, scared, and angry. Not angry at each other, but at the selfish bastard who captured them. More frightening, they had both seen something sinister in the man's eyes when he looked at Ruffnut or Astrid. It wasn't rage, spite, or even contempt. It was hunger. The man had stared at the girls with a crazed hunger in his eyes.

Back down in the cell, the twins were having a bit of an uncomfortable silence. They were each scared that they would lose the other that day, but neither knew how to say it. It was a slightly awkward thing to say in most situations, and they didn't want to

reveal how weak they thought they were. The darkness was absolute though, and made one feel totally alone and insignificant. Even if you weren't scared of the dark, it made you want to hold onto to something. Remember that the world still exists. So, slowly, the twin's hands crawled together, and squeezed each other tightly. In that simple act, Ruffnut knew her brother loved her, and Tuffnut knew that his sister loved him. They always knew, deep in their hearts, but feeling it in the others hand made it stronger. In that love, they found strength, and they found comfort. The tension beginning to drain away, Ruffnut finally broke the silence.

"You looked like you were about to piss yourself on your way down here tough guy." This was standard sibling conversation for the family.

"Was not!" Tuffnut quickly replied "I was just slightly surprised when he threw me!"

Tuffnut rolled her eyes in the dark, and both knew it.

"Yeah, that's why you're eyes were wider than Snoutlout's dinner plate."

Tuffnut huffed, his pride wounded. "Whatever. I saw the look in your eyes when you jumped. You were scared out of your mind!"

"Okay, first of all, I didn't jump, I tripped. Second, even if I had jumped, why would I be scared?"

"Bet you were scared I would get all the monsters first, and wanted to catch up." Tuffnut replied with an invisible smirk.

Another eye roll

"You? You got your sorry little ass kicked by that Terrible Terror!"

"Hey!" Tuffnut yelled "I never saw you jump in to fight that devil!"

"I didn't think I needed to, you had it SS000 under control." Ruffnut laughed.

"I would've had that little sucker if Hiccup had given me a little more time. Tuffnut muttered.

Ruffnut just laughed and punched her brother in the shoulder.

And the silence came back.

"Why do you think that guy attacked us?" Tuffnut finally asked. It was weighing heavily on their minds.

"I don't know." Ruffnut muttered. "Maybe he was just captivated by me and Astrid and didn't know how to call us down nicely."

"Ruffnut" Tuffnut said, draping his arm around his sister "We both saw how he was looking at you two. I don't like it at all. It makes me think he wants to do something to you guys."

"We're already prisoners, what do you think he's going to do to us?" Ruffnut snapped.

"You know what I mean." Tuffnut quietly replied.

There was another silence, but not as long this time.

"Alright, Alright, it's scaring me okay? I'm scared that guy is going to rape me or Astrid." Ruffnut yelled, leaning deeper into her brother's chest.

Tuffnut laid his head on her shoulder. "There's a problem there genius, he have to get through me to even look at you."

Ruffnut smirked "But he can't touch you without going through me first!"

Tuffnut smirked. "An endless cycle. See? Now he can't get either of us."

Ruffnut rolled her eyes again, but she was smiling for real now.

"Whatever you say Nutbrain."

This time Tuffnut punched his sister with a chuckle.

Much more comfortable, the two just laid back, thinking about random things. (Ruffnut was wondering if Hiccup could build her a pair of wings to fly with, Tuffnut was wondering when lunch was) Suddenly, the cell door was ripped open again. Two shadows of wolves fell into the abyss. The twins were on their feet in an instant, at each others backs. The wolves hit solid ground with an ear-splitting howl, and the door slammed back into place. The difference? This time a few beams of light were shining into the hole.

The beams showed two Wolves, each the size of an adult villager, stumbling to their feet, shaking of the dust in their pelts. Deep growls emanated from their throats. The wolves were pissed at the world, and looking for something to take it out on. They found something. Two somethings.

Ruffnut can't even remember most of the fight. The next thing she knows, there's a mega wolf pinned down under her, and the other wolves' teeth are inches from her brother's throat, when something happens. Something big.

A roar, one that no one had ever expected to hear again, shook the pit. Literally shook the pit so hard, that rocks were falling from the top. The twins were in shock, they were certain this thing had been killed months ago. In the battle that took Hiccup's leg no less. But that roar was unmistakable. Even the dark wolves seemed to know what it meant.

Finally, like a scene from a nightmare, the head of the Purple Death was shoved through a now open door. The head was so massive, it barely fit, and it couldn't move at all. Only three of its eyes could be seen glaring down at its hated foes. That dragon wanted nothing more than to incinerate the whole group in a molten fireball, but she couldn't get one anywhere close to them. It did settle for filling

its mouth with lava, and letting mini-waterfalls of fire drip onto the prisoners. But all too soon, the fun was over, and the master called her back. With a last terrifying look, the dragon withdrew, leaving four very frightened organisms below. Slowly, Tuffnut made his way back to his sister, and the other wolf limped back to its partner. The twins were practically in tears now, not only from terror, but from relief. They still had their, annoying, crazy sibling. The turned to the wolves, and nodded when they made eye contact. There would be no more fighting tonight. For the first time in a long time, the twins fell into a peaceful sleep. The wolves soon followed suit. And all was quiet once again.

* * *

><p>The dark man chuckled to himself, loving the absolute terror in the eyes of his prey.<p>

Pity I couldn't let them kill each other yet. Its proving to be an interesting day. Now, for that crippleâ€|

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><p>AN: I am seriously sorry im this bad of an updater. I really owe bStormhands, without him, I might never have posted this. I can't promise when the next update will come, but I can promise I wont give up. Just going through a big life-changer right now. Don't forget about me guys! The next chapter will bring Hiccup into the picture. Don't give up! I WILL be back...**

End
file.